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CARNEGIE

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VOLUME V PITTSBURGH, PA., NOVEMBER 1931 NUMBER 6



BABETTE

By EUGENE SPEICHER

Purchased from the 1931 International Exhibition of Paintings
for the Carnegie Institute through the Patrons Art Fund

(See Page 177)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME V NUMBER 6
NOVEMBER, 1931

The year growing ancient
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter.

—"The Winter's Tale"



HOURS OF ADMISSION—ALWAYS FREE
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From October to July. Every Saturday evening
at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at
4:00 o'clock. —CHARLES HEINROTH, Organist



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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BUON GIORNO, SIGNOR GRANDI!

The American people have opened their hearts and their homes to Dino Grandi, the Italian minister of foreign affairs, on his visit to this country to confer with the Washington Government on problems of international interest. The world is slowly coming to recognize the dependence of each country upon every other country for peace and prosperity, and Signor Grandi's conversations will doubtless exercise a constructive influence upon these questions. And Signora Grandi is thrice welcome to our shores.

WHY SINO-JAPANESE?

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Why is the war news which is coming to us from the Far East referred to as Sino-Japanese, instead of Chino-Japanese?

—MARY F. RICHEY

Sino comes from the word Sinae used by Ptolemy to indicate the Chinese people. Sinology embraces the language, customs, and history of the Chinese race.

THE EDUCATION OF EUGENE SPEICHER

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I unwittingly led the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for September into stating that Eugene Speicher, American artist, had spent three years studying abroad. That is contrary to fact and I should have known better, because when I said the same thing some years ago, Mr. Speicher wrote in denial as follows:

"Where did you get that stuff about my three years' study abroad? I spent four months in Europe on a honeymoon and visited some art galleries then, but most of 'my study' was in front of cafés eating or drinking. I never attended any school there and am rather proud of the fact that I am an American product pure and simple, perhaps with the accent on the simple."

—JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

A VOICE FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BRNO, MORAVIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Please send me regularly your Magazine. I should like to be in constant touch with you. A short time ago I returned home from a scientific journey in your States. Often I was told of your institution. Only I am sorry I had no opportunity to meet anyone of your representatives. I hope this will surely happen when I shall come again to the United States of America. I like very much your Indian collections.

—FRANTISEK POSPISIL

OUR LIMPID HEAVENS

Pittsburgh no longer has any smoke—thanks to her smokeless fuels and her smoke-consuming devices; but she does have an abundance of blue sky, Italian in its depth and purity.



THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY IN THE DISTANCE

FOUNDER'S DAY 1931

THE thirty-fifth Founder's Day was celebrated in the Carnegie Music Hall at the Carnegie Institute on Thursday, October 15, 1931. The platform was decorated with the flags of all the nations whose painters had contributed their pictures to the International Exhibition of Paintings; and the trustees and officials of the Institute occupied their usual chairs. After the playing of the overture to Schubert's "Rosamunde" by Dr. Charles Heinroth, organist and director of music, the invocation was pronounced by the Very Reverend N. R. High Moor, dean of Trinity Cathedral.

PRESIDENT CHURCH: Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" will be an appropriate selection at this time, not only because of the beautiful musical setting which Reginald De Koven has given to it but because of Mr. Kipling's warning to all nations, whoever they may be or wherever they may be, that they shall not put their trust in reeking tubes and iron shards. The quartette comprises Helen

Bell Rush, soprano; Mabel King, contralto; Will A. Rhodes Jr., tenor; and Raymond T. Griffin, bass; with Earl Mitchell—could there be any other?—at the piano. Our Westinghouse friends are giving this program to the world outside over their KDKA connections.

At the conclusion of "The Recessional" the singers gave a thrilling rendition of "Maryland, My Maryland," in compliment to Governor Ritchie of that State, the principal speaker of the afternoon.

THE PRESIDENT: Today marks the thirty-fifth annual celebration of Founder's Day at the Carnegie Institute. The passage of so many happy and fruitful years has brought a pride of tradition which carries its own excuse for a moment of reminiscence at this time. Five Presidents of the United States have spoken from this platform—Mr. McKinley, Mr. Taft, and Mr. Coolidge while they were serving their terms in



FOUNDER'S DAY GROUP, OCTOBER 15, 1931

SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT: Albert Cabell Ritchie, Samuel Harden Church, and Ralph Pulitzer
STANDING: Augustus K. Oliver, David C. Winebrenner III, Homer Saint-Gaudens,
Franklin C. Watkins, John L. Porter, N. R. High Moor, and Thomas S. Baker

that great office, Mr. Wilson before he was elected, and Mr. Cleveland after his service had ended. There is thus an atmosphere of the Presidency about Founder's Day, and who knows but that in the possibilities of life the next President of the United States may at this moment be upon this platform? *[Applause]*

We have frequently called upon other nations for their distinguished sons, and in 1907 there came to us from France to speak on the Founder's Day of that year the man who is now the President of France, Paul Doumer. Last spring Mr. Doumer wrote that he was planning to come again this year, but said that he could not give his final word until June, and when June arrived he had been elected to the Presidency of the French Republic and he then advised his Pittsburgh friends that it was impossible for him to be absent from Paris for so long a time. And just this morn-

ing a letter has arrived from President Doumer, and while it is perhaps in part a personal message, I am going to read it because it shows that his thoughts are with us today. It is written in his own beautiful small script and it is a gracious tribute to the occasion:

PARIS, October 3, 1931

MY DEAR MR. CHURCH:

It is a very long time, I believe, since I have had any news from you, and here is coming again, very soon, the anniversary of the foundation of the Carnegie Institute. You and I had planned certain arrangements as to a visit to Pittsburgh, which circumstances have forced me to cancel. But my thoughts go to you in your celebration of Founder's Day and I am wishing that I might be with you again and I want now to send to you and to the memory of your great chief Mr. Carnegie, who was also our friend, my remembrance full of appreciation and of affection. Please present to Mrs. Church my respectful homage and believe me,

Your cordially devoted friend,

PAUL DOUMER

Today we have as our speaker a man who enjoys the unique distinction of

having been elected four times Governor of his State. He thinks of government as something which should be kept within its logical boundaries, giving men a confidence in law and order and permitting them to go peaceably about their own affairs without excessive supervision and interference. While he has always encouraged expenditures for good schools, good roads, and humane institutions, he has at the same time stood firmly for the economic use of the public funds, with a constant tendency toward lower instead of higher taxation. He has organized the civil service of Maryland upon a sound basis of efficiency; he is a friend of the budget system; and at a time when the police of Baltimore were being subjected to sinister influences, he secured the passage of a law which made the police of that city responsible solely to a commissioner appointed by the Governor, thus leaving them free to protect life and

property and preserve public order. In many other ways he has shown that his policy of handling government is the policy of common sense and business prudence, with the principle of personal liberty enshrined at the heart of it [*Applause*]
—personal liberty, which men have been fighting for since the days of Magna Charta, and which, if I read the signs of the times aright, men and women in this country are going to continue to fight for until they re-establish it as the most precious jewel in the heart of this nation. [*Applause*]

The subject is "Politics and Economics," and I have great pleasure in presenting the Governor of Maryland, Albert Cabell Ritchie.

Governor Ritchie was received with a great demonstration of welcome, and his address was frequently greeted with marks of high favor. He spoke as follows:

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

BY ALBERT CABELL RITCHIE

Governor of Maryland

I WISH at the beginning to express the sense of appreciation I feel for the honor of speaking at this thirty-fifth annual celebration of Founder's Day at the Carnegie Institute.

The occasion is one of national importance, I know, but there are many occasions of national importance. This one has a significance which seems to me all its own. That is because the philanthropy of Andrew Carnegie—which, after all, was the natural product of his love of humanity and of the opportunity happily afforded him to serve humanity—erected here a monument from which the Arts and Sciences, Culture and Learning have radiated throughout the world.

To the memory of one who so

measurably influenced and promoted spiritual and intellectual life both in America and abroad, and to those whose ideals are every day giving reality to his, I tender the tribute of appreciation and gratitude which every American feels.

Perhaps into this atmosphere of culture I should not inject the subject, "Politics and Economics." Yet both are inseparable parts of all our enterprises and pursuits, and I have it on the authority of Elihu Root that "the principal ground of reproach against any American citizen should be that he is not a politician." So Oswald Spengler says that we have given more thought to politics as an idea than has been good for us, since because of that

we have understood less about politics as a reality.

Real Politik, in this sense, like world politics, is a concept that is just beginning to enter American consciousness, and it is entering by the economic door. Just as we begin to see that no nation can live its life alone, so we see the inadequacies of any leadership which looks upon politics as a game, and upon the electorate as a mob which can be lulled to sleep or aroused, as the case may be, by alluring slogans, or eloquent tributes to justice, liberty, equality, and the like, or beautiful dreams of happy homes with two cars in the garage and a chicken in every pot. It is time to see both politics and economics realistically.

The average man thinks of economics and politics as each being controlled by different fundamental laws and principles and as occupying two more or less exclusive compartments in the human edifice. He is now discovering, with a suddenness that is rather startling and painful, that both must go in and out by the same door; or at least that they cannot be mutually obstructive if his welfare is to be served. In short, our politico-economic picture must be seen as a whole, and not as if its frame were political and its canvas economic, or vice versa. The disposition now is for bad economics to blame bad politics for our misadventures and maladjustments, and bad politics, when it needs an alibi, usually points to the unfortunate operation of economic law; with the result that today we are in danger of losing faith in the validity and the safe guidance of both economics and politics.

The problem of the hour, as I see it, is how to make what in this somewhat generic sense I have called politics and economics understand each other, pull together for the common good, and bring order out of the existing chaos—a chaos which may be due nearly as much to psychologic as to economic or political causes, but which in any event has no earthly right to exist in this era of intellectual enlightenment and material plenty.

There is danger that economics may look too much to politics to put the nation's house in order, and so overlook its own far superior power to lead us out of darkness. It is so easy and so fatal to expect too much as well as too little of politics; and it must be obvious to everyone that we are on the edge of all sorts of possible political action which only the most enlightened leadership can make more helpful than harmful. It seems to me that this leadership must come from economics. The day for meeting a crisis by beating the political tom-toms has passed. The scientific and trained mind of the nation must be drafted and must be listened to. That is always a hard thing for politics to do.

If we are to do more than trust to fate and just muddle through, it is necessary now that we try to revitalize our faith in the integrity and power of sound politics and economics as the two forces that can shape our destiny. For the moment, the entire world seems not only to be sick but to be a bedlam; one might almost think that the ancient virtues of the race—hope, faith, courage, vision, and common sense—have suddenly vanished.

It may be that we are living through one of those cycles of industrial depression which the Roger Babsons and the Harvard Economic Society tell us about. I have heard economists say that this depression was due when the Great War came and disarranged the world. I think rather that its roots were in that war. Our problem then was production—war production—and we gave no thought to markets or to distribution. Peace found us with a huge oversupply of products. That caused the depression of 1921. After that, general construction and general production started up again. Individuals, industries, and governments all began to spend. They spent more than they had, and mortgaged their future through short-term credits and installment buying. Now everybody has to pay.

Lack of confidence and fear and

panics born of fear came with falling values. It may be bad politics to say it, but there is no magic remedy. Legerdemain will not help. There is no rabbit in the hat for any magician to pull out. There is no alchemist who can turn base metal into gold. The poor are poorer and so are the rich, but all must pay the price of folly.

Still, if we have to face these facts showing our weaknesses, let us not overlook facts showing our strength. It cannot be that a nation shall be poor because it is too rich, or that we shall long have an excess of business disaster, unemployment, and suffering when we have an excess of commodities, of production, of money, and of real wealth.

All the things which created the wealth of our past we still have. The foundations on which real prosperity must build are still here. We are a nation of 120,000,000 people, with an infinity of wants and desires; ambitions to succeed; believers in the gospel of work; filled with the spirit of courage, initiative, and enterprise; determined to maintain and lift the standards of life; willing to labor, to buy, and to sell; to use the railroads and the utilities; to spend our substance on luxuries and diversions and living in a land with unlimited resources and opportunities. He must have little faith in his country or little vision of the future who cannot foresee at last a prosperity greater than ever.

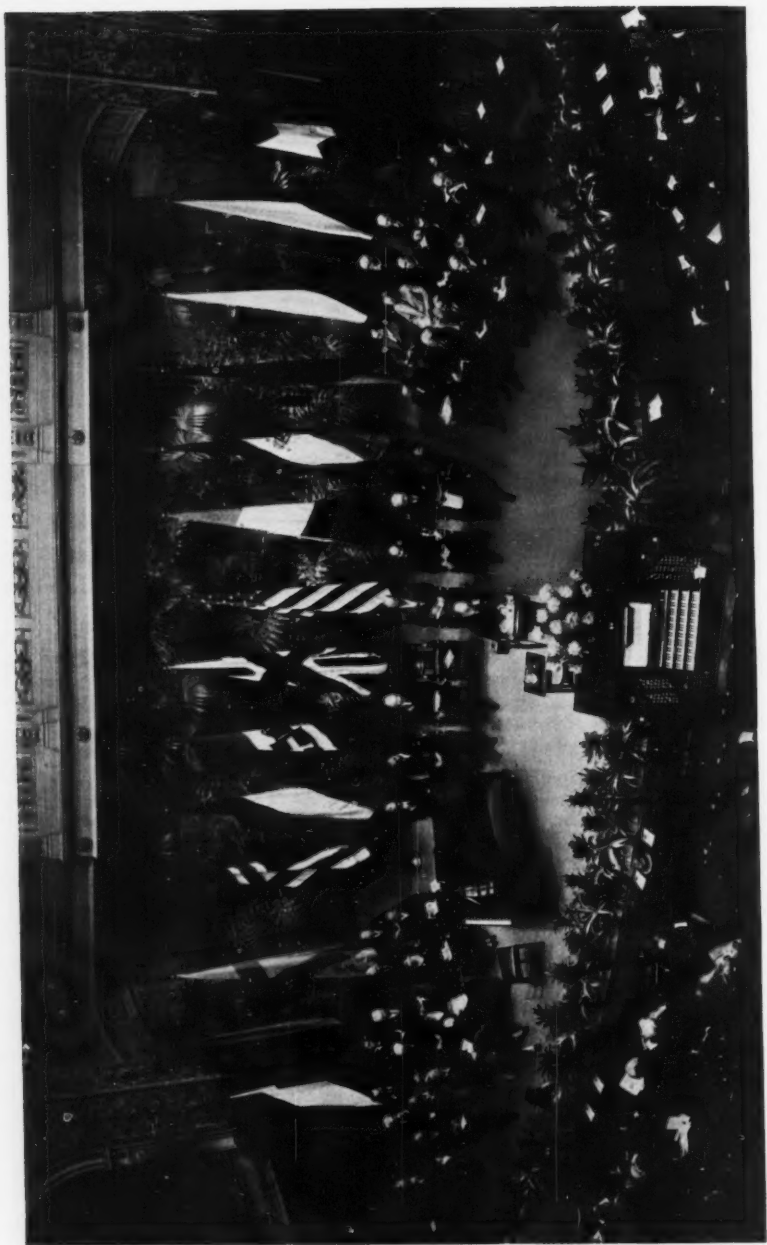
In the meanwhile we need sound statesmanship and sound government, and these must draw their strength from a sound political philosophy—although I dislike the term, because the more I read history, especially in its political manifestations, the more I feel that you cannot interpret or guide the course of events in the light of preconceived rules or principles. Times change and the very laws of life change with them, and in politics especially we have a vast body of experience to draw on for guidance. Almost every conceivable governmental action and political device which the ingenuity of man could in-

vent has been tried out somewhere sometime. We know the working validity of such principles as freedom and equality before the law, and we know that our own form of government and our traditional conceptions of its powers and its limitations have proved their soundness by their success. We need not travel an uncharted sea.

There is a disposition to put the brand of backwardness on those of us who believe that we should hold fast to those principles of government which have stood the test of time, or who believe in maintaining the integrity of the Constitution and the vitality of the Bill of Rights, or in abandoning noble experiments that have failed—as I believe national prohibition has—or in fighting for those rights of personal liberty and self-government and those delimitations and diffusions of political power which we know have worked and brought us to our high estate. Yet these things are not products of the mind, but of experience, of trial and error, of failure and of success. If we are going wrong governmentally, I believe this is because of loss of faith in them or of failure to preserve and apply them.

Men lose faith in politics because it seems economically sterile or obstructive or because it seems to lack integrative power. They see government afraid or powerless to act where action is needed, or arbitrary or incompetent or corrupt or used for selfish ends. They see it bending to every wind that blows so as to conform to the dominant public opinion. They see government unable to cope with issues like prohibition or agrarian collapse, and they put the blame on politics.

If politics cannot be formulated into a science, this is because the very character of its reality makes it more than a science. It is something that is rooted in the profoundest and most real of human needs and values, something that transcends formulas and declines to define itself in terms of absolute principles or philosophies. Call it life—the ex-



FOUNDER'S DAY PLATFORM, CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

pression of organized life. Like Old Man River, it just rolls and rolls and rolls along, and carries mankind on its turbulent bosom according to laws and rhythms of its own. It is the reservoir and epitome of the trials and experiences of mankind from the beginning. It is governed not by the logic of system, but by the logic of life. Let no man sneer at politics, whatever he may think of politicians.

If in politics it is easy to expect too much and to lose faith and to misunderstand, it is even easier to do so in economics. We have a national weakness for the alluring potency of words. A few years ago "efficiency" was the word on every tongue, now it is "economics." We talk about economic laws as if we knew what they are. I am no economist, but I know that effect follows cause, and that the operation of certain laws, like that of supply and demand, cannot be changed even by the strong arm of government. In economics as in politics few, if any, fundamental laws can be said to be self-operative or decreed by nature. Life has its way of decreeing otherwise. Too many human factors, too many imponderables and incommensurables and coefficients, enter to enable us to say this is the one and only equation that will solve them.

In the social processes of life one often sees forces working with a curious inconsistency. Thus men swear by economics and yet mistrust them. The national psychology, for example, in theory is opposed to excess of government, but encourages it in practice. Interference of government with business is *prima facie* disliked by everyone, and still every class runs to the State for aid and direction whenever and wherever it thinks its interests can be thus furthered or protected. Instead of curing our social ills from within, we believe government can cure them from without.

One could quite understand this if modern thought had not rebelled against the old classical political economy of each man for himself and the

devil take the hindmost. We look upon that now as a jungle philosophy. We refuse to accept bald utilitarianism as a law of economic life, or to agree to the basic assumption of economists from Adam Smith on down to recent years that there is an economic man as distinguished from a human man, and that the driving force of our politico-economic system is egoism and self-interest, and that everyone in pursuing his own advantage at the same time, by the operation of a natural economic law, thus furthers the good of all. We now see that you cannot—as did classic economists who in my student days were supposed to be the law and the gospel—regard the production, exchange, and distribution of wealth as parts of a great social mechanism, which automatically and by natural economic law regulates the operation and flow of capital, labor, and money. Against these mechanistic conceptions modern thought has rebelled, and I think rightly so; though in the process of rebellion we have had all sorts of quixotic economics and Fordian economics and economics of the heart instead of the head, which seem to make confusion worse confounded in the popular mind as to what economics are or can do.

However, there is plenty of sound economic thinking and experience to draw upon, and my theme is that it must assert itself. We should draw upon it instead of just muddling along. This is equally true of politics in the higher sense. We think of politics as having to do largely with power over persons, and economics with power over money and things; but if we think of both as having to do with the economics of human welfare, it is evident that they must work together.

The importance of politics and economics understanding each other and working together, and of a justified faith in the vitality of both, is obvious when you survey the questions, domestic and foreign, now knocking at our political door and sure to bulk large in the coming session of Congress.

The tariff, for instance, is no longer a local question, nor is it properly a partisan question either. In the world picture its political and economic perspectives are only too apparent. It underlies the whole question of our foreign debts, of our foreign trade, and possibly our international stability and security as well. Here certainly politics alone can no longer have its way.

So too our agrarian breakdown can only grow worse if the farmer pins his faith on political leadership alone. Of little use can political leadership be when, in the vain hope of lifting the farmer up by his own bootstraps, it buys millions of bushels of wheat to stabilize the price, and then dares not sell it for fear the price may go to the vanishing point, and so can only exchange some of it for Brazilian coffee, and thus put government in competition with industry. Of little use can political leadership be when, with a surplus of cotton and a deficit of clothes, the most it can tell the planter who has stood the cost of growing his cotton, is to stand now the cost of plowing up and destroying every third row of it. It seems almost as if a panic was required to make us see—if indeed we do see—that the law of supply and demand still works.

The question of forced industrial unemployment is upon us. I believe it to be true that a nation's supreme obligation is to protect its citizenship. If its citizens are threatened or attacked, government must guard them or defend them. If they are naked, or starving or unsheltered, and if they can be clothed or fed or housed in no other way, then government must do it. But in the case of industrial labor the obligation to do these things, or rather to furnish the means for doing them, is, in this country, primarily on industry itself. Both social justice and its own material welfare demand that industry should plan some provision for its labor when enforced idleness comes, just as it does for the upkeep of its plant, for interest to its bondholders, and dividends to its stockholders, and for its

injured workmen. Yet we talk about compulsory unemployment insurance without troubling ourselves very much to see whether any plan proposed squares with the ideals of personal initiative and self-reliance and with the spirit of individual and collective enterprise which have brought our country to world leadership, and which are still our greatest hope for the future.

So there are signs of our having to face the old issue of bimetallism and a cheaper dollar. Banking problems also face political interference, for with all our success in creating the Federal Reserve System it is evident that we have not yet discovered how to prevent so many costly and often unnecessary failures of our rural banks.

Perhaps the stabilization plan now being worked out by the mobilized bankers of the country in cooperation with the President may meet or save the situation. Certainly nothing could be a more welcome palliative than a plan which will enable the banks to work out slow assets and to make liquid that which is not liquid. As good Americans we all owe loyal cooperation in this effort, although it behooves us to be cautious when it comes to lessening the basic protection and safeguards of our banking laws.

In any event it is obvious that we have not yet mastered the great machinery of credit or of markets, and politics is pretty sure to try its hand at that.

We shall hear much about Wall Street, about a "managed currency," price regulation, government ownership, the inequalities of wealth, the downfall of capitalism, and what not. Again and still again the government will be asked to do something; and in anything it may do or fail to do the matter at stake will usually be more economic than political. And we know that economic errors can be costly beyond words. As Buckle concluded, after his long study of civilization, the history of economic legislation is largely a history of mistakes.

In the administration of government itself economics and politics can no longer afford to conflict. We have carried the cost of government to the point of economic absurdity. We are taxing ourselves into the poorhouse. Governmental activities and regulations must yield to economic wisdom, and it must not simply be a wisdom that lies buried in the expert reports of moribund commissions appointed as a political method of escaping rather than directing action. At every turn of the political wheel you see how economics impinges somewhere, and that what looks politically desirable, because public opinion demands it, may be and often is economically unsound. If unknown or unapplied or misunderstood economic laws have failed to guide, at least economic experience must be turned to now.

By the same token constructive economic effort often fails to see its political implications. For instance, we have the Swope plan for industrial readjustment, by regulating overproduction, limiting competition, and protecting workmen through insurance of various kinds and unemployment relief, all under Federal governmental supervision. It is conceived in the most constructive fashion, but it requires political action that would involve radical change in our traditional conceptions of the true functions and relations of State and Federal Governments.

So in legislation to accomplish one thing we often defeat another. We pass antitrust laws to control actual or hypothetical monopolies, and these lock the door against conserving natural resources like coal and oil, and make it largely impossible for our new order of mass production to regulate itself so as to prevent demoralization in wages, prices, and markets. At least this is so unless you invoke martial law. Then when we talk of repealing the antitrust laws, we seem to forget that in such event some sort of price regulation would have to take their place.

We spend untold millions of the taxpayers' money on highways and water-

ways, on great public works and subsidies, all for the convenience and necessities of the public, and we let these same agencies endanger the stability of the railroads by subjecting them to competition from airships in the air, from pipe lines under ground, from government-owned barge lines on the water and from motor busses running over State-built and State-maintained rights of way. All this has threatening consequences to our future prosperity, as well as to the millions of our people whose savings are invested in the railroads, either directly or through savings banks and insurance companies.

We undertake or contemplate ownership and operation of business or of the utilities, and forget that this threatens the economic balance of our whole industrial system.

Obviously, only the wisest of economists can foresee the effects and repercussions of all such political and legislative action, and it is their wisdom that we cannot neglect.

Take our foreign policy—if so be it we have one. I say if we have one, because there have now come upon our international stage new forces and new impacts, the effect of which upon our familiar and established international policies—political isolation, nonintervention, neutrality, the Monroe Doctrine, the open door, and arbitration—must be rightly valued and appraised.

Jefferson, who declared against entangling alliances with any nation, coupled this in the same sentence with a declaration for "commerce and honest friendship for all nations." We cannot have commerce with all nations without regard for the economic elements which control it.

The man on the street recognizes now that the economic factors animating the world affect him. We are in the midst of an economic war that seems to threaten disaster as bad as that of the Great War. Political boundaries and economic boundaries are no longer the same. We may adhere to a policy of

political isolation, but can we maintain one of economic isolation? How equate the two? Where does one stop and the other begin? Are there political phases we can leave to the diplomats, and economic phases we can leave to the international bankers? When the moratorium, which all approve, has expired and the breathing space is up, what next?

The practical connection between the reparations Germany owes the Allies and the debts the Allies owe us, which everybody sees now, should have been clear from the beginning, and would have been had not politics obscured the fact.

There is a strong movement now for the cancellation or revision downward of our foreign debts. In a very practical sense they cannot be cancelled, because they are part of our budget, and if Europe does not pay them, the American people must. Admittedly, this would be a serious burden, and any revision downward would be proportionately serious.

Still, the thing of first consideration is our future national welfare. It is axiomatic that present loss is sometimes ultimate gain. What does our future welfare require? I use these words advisedly, because for my part I do not think that altruism or idealism should govern a decision affecting so vitally the interests of the American people.

The truth is, our money was necessary to the winning of the war, just as our boys were. These debts are justly due, and to the extent they are not repaid, the burden falls on us. It may be to our advantage in the long run to assume this burden. The economic interdependence of the countries of the Western World may make that the thing for us to do. If so, we should do it courageously. But our own future national interest should be the guide.

Viewed in this light, the question of what to do depends on developments which, while they may be rapidly occurring, have not yet formed a finished picture, and it is not fair that so momen-

tous a matter should be settled for the American people in the chaos and crisis of these times or on the basis of depression values and prices.

My belief is that the moratorium should be extended for another year at least, in order that time may show the proper ultimate course with regard to our foreign debts. My point, however, is that this course should be guided by sound economics and not by politics.

It is unthinkable that we should reduce the debts due us by other nations and leave those nations free to use the money thus saved in building armaments, whether these might be used against us or not. So consider for a moment the limitation of armaments.

In talking about this, many of us profess to be animated by considerations of world peace and brotherhood and high purpose. "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." These are lofty and inspiring ideals, but we need not rest the case for reduced armaments on ideals alone. Armaments are the largest items in the national budgets, and for peoples almost overwhelmed with governmental expenditures there are the strongest possible economic and financial reasons for their reduction and limitation.

Still it would not do to overlook the fact that as a practical matter disarmament among the great nations must be cotemporary and predicated on the existence of peace or on their determination to have it.

How much assurance can there be of peace, until Germany and France reach an understanding, or until France in some way is guaranteed the security which she thinks her national safety demands? On the other hand, the German people resent the fact that they were forced to disarm on the promise of the Allies that this was to be the first step toward general reduction of armaments, and that this promise has not been kept. How much will this fact

figure in the disarmament discussions? And without Franco-German accord can Germany procure the capital she needs for her industrial restoration?

The truth is that these are all questions whose soundings go deep into politics and economics both, and call for the highest order of enlightened leadership.

Perhaps none of us know with precision how the interplay of political and economic forces operates in international relations, but we do know definitely that today, with the world as much of a unified economic organism as the progress of science and commerce and finance has made it, economic mistakes in one nation have instant reverberations in other nations. Believe what you will about the League or the World Court; consider the Anschluss case as showing politics ascendant in the Court or not—still we cannot live by ourselves alone.

We know now, aside from all humanitarian idealism, that no nation can really profit by the misfortune or the downfall of another. We cannot prosper if Europe is prostrate. Politically we are apart, but economically we are limbs of the same tree. Deplore that, if you wish, but for the sake of our future welfare and stability do not disregard it. We cannot go back. So we must go ahead intelligently.

It seems to me that some such philosophy must underlie any sound foreign policy for our future.

I must conclude. In an able address last spring before the American Club of Paris Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler said that what is needed is a plan in a planless world. Let me supplement this by saying that what is also needed is leadership in a leaderless world.

If the one thousand economists who lifted their voice on the tariff had been listened to by politics, this would have mitigated at least the effect of these international impacts upon us. A united and courageous front by the men of light and leading now will do much to check the wave of hysteria and

fear which has been sweeping the people off their feet. MacDonald's example in England ought to be an inspiration for leadership everywhere. Nietzsche maintained that one hundred men shaped and bore the burden of the Renaissance. What we need today is a mobilization of the constructive brains of the country and a demobilization of political oratory.

So far as this country is concerned, the instrumentalities for achieving a plan are here. The question is, will we use them? Will we blunder along with half-baked or self-serving ideas about politics, or will we show less indifference to those who would have economics point the way? We should cling to those traditional landmarks and heritages which have been hammered out in the forge of experience and tested out in the furnace of time. If instead of that we venture still further into the field of legislative and sumptuary panaceas, "the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

The two new forces of modern times are science and democracy. The one has changed the economic and the other the political world.

There are some who think that science and its discoveries which have given us the machine age may have cursed mankind rather than blessed it; that by devising the machine it has raised a Frankenstein which is slowly devouring us, and that instead of our mastering the machine it is mastering us. Now this could be true only if we are incapable of understanding and using the instrumentalities of science so as to make the world better.

Modern society began with the invention of the steam engine only 164 years ago. Since then the machine, through science, has multiplied the power of man a hundred-fold.

It has done more to abolish the sweat shop and the grimy factory than all the factory legislation put together. It has entered the farm, and gives promise of doing as much to solve agrarian

difficulties as all the political legislation from Tiberius Gracchus down to the Federal Farm Board. It has entered the home, and turns the housewife from a drudge to a life of comparative leisure or at least of fuller opportunity. It has so increased the power of man over nature that for the first time in history the world is assured enough food and enough goods for all, and thus is abolished the Malthusian law. It has made it possible to shorten the hours of toil and the days of labor, and thus to raise the living level of all classes and give more leisure for a richer life. It has knitted together the nations of the world by its new means of intercourse and communication. If these things have mastered us, then indeed there is no such thing as enlightened political and economic leadership.

What science has done and made possible in the economic world, democracy has done and made possible in the political world. It may be easy for critics and pessimists to draw an indictment against it, but the thing that counts is that it has met the tests and crises of our national existence. The cardinal fact is, it has worked.

When we call our system capitalism, we use a misleading word. Individualism is nearer right, because inherent in it is the spirit of self-initiative and the right to reward for the fruits of labor and of energy.

The trouble with so many of the plans with which we are constantly fed up now, is that they generally disregard these factors, and set up some central planning body, which involves controls and restrictions contrary to American institutions.

The American system is the product of centuries of social and economic evolution. It almost seems to function according to biologic laws, so to speak, of its own, for it grows, it suffers from parasites, and periodically it undergoes a fever like at present, but it always purges itself of these and thereby assures itself a permanent life. In this self-curative process we see that the poor

worker is not the only victim, as demagoguery would have us think, but high and low, bankers, captains of industry—all suffer. These periodical sicknesses certainly do not prove that capitalism is going to die or should die. It draws its strength from sources too deep in the economic experience of mankind to make its downfall either desirable or possible. I believe that time will prove the truth of this, even in that half-Oriental and half-Occidental nation called Russia.

Under our system liberty no longer depends, as it did of old, upon the benevolence or grace of governmental authority. It is protected—if we will only adhere to this protection—by the limitations and the boundaries of granted power.

This is an evolution from the years when men who craved freedom thronged to our coast—the Plymouth fathers to Massachusetts, the Calverts to Maryland, Oglethorpe to Georgia, William Penn to Pennsylvania—and first gave living expression to what became our political life and mind.

In those years too were born the ideals of toleration and religious freedom which my own State of Maryland did so much to contribute to a waiting world, and which have been among our most priceless possessions.

The truth is, American institutions justify our faith. They have enshrined the past. They can enrich the future.

At the conclusion of Governor Ritchie's address the applause was so persistent that he rose to acknowledge it.

THE PRESIDENT: Before announcing the award of prizes for paintings in the International Art Exhibition of this year, I want to tell a little story for the purpose of attempting an interpretation of the picture that has been given the First Prize. While in London last year I went to the theater to see Robert Loraine in Strindberg's play, "The Father." The play shows the conflict which had existed for many years be-

tween the father and his wife as to who should be the dominating spirit in the household. The father finally goes mad and is put into a strait-jacket, and dies on the stage in convulsions. At the finish of the play you are apt to wonder why you should spend an evening in witnessing such a spectacle, and then when you see the actor, almost exhausted by his efforts, in front of the curtain, acknowledging the applause, you begin to perceive what a really great creation was embodied in the play and in its performance, and all this in spite of the horror which is inspired.

There is something of the same gruesome feeling in this picture by Franklin C. Watkins entitled "Suicide in Costume." The clown is no longer able to fight the battle of life and he lies dead on the table with a pistol in his hand and a wineglass near him. It is no mere picture of a dead clown but it embodies the creative spirit of the painter, who while seeming to hide essential details has revealed the very soul of the episode. I am going to tell a tale out of school and say that the Jury in its entirety, consisting of painters from Italy, France, England, and the United States, were of one mind in awarding the prize to this painting. We have asked Mr. Watkins to come from his home in Philadelphia and be with us at this time, so full of triumph for him. In becoming the First Prize, the picture wins the Carnegie Institute award of \$1,500 and also the Albert C. Lehman Prize of \$2,000 as being the best purchasable painting in the Exhibition, and after all that Mr. Lehman has purchased the painting.

In response to the applause of the audience, Mr. Watkins stepped forward.

MR. WATKINS: The Carnegie Institute is the only institution in the world that would make such an award to a painting of this kind. Your authority in art is supreme throughout the world and it is a great joy to me to win this favor.

THE PRESIDENT: The Second Prize of \$1,000 to Mario Sironi, Italian, for his painting entitled "Fishermen."

Third Prize of \$500 to Raoul Dufy, French, for his painting entitled "The Avenue of the Bois de Boulogne."

First Honorable Mention of \$300 to Judson Smith, American, for his painting entitled "A Deserted Mill."

Honorable Mention to Yasuo Kuniyoshi, American, for his painting entitled "Still Life."

Allegheny County Garden Club Prize of \$300 to Andrew Dasburg, American, for his painting entitled "Bouquet."

Mr. Ralph C. Pulitzer, of New York, is seated beside me this afternoon, and I want to make a public expression of the thanks of our trustees for his almost unparalleled generosity in giving us his entire collection from his African Big Game Hunt. I am told that it is the ambition of every hunter who goes to Africa to bring down a giant sable antelope—the largest of all the deer family and having the most beautiful and longest spiral horns in the animal world. There were specimens of this antelope in only three American institutions until Mr. Pulitzer had secured this one, and now that he has given his specimen to us, it will soon be mounted and placed on public view. I am going to ask Mr. Pulitzer to say a few words to the audience.

Mr. Pulitzer then arose and bowed in response to a great burst of applause but persistently nodded his head to signify utter silence.

THE PRESIDENT: You see he has the mark of a real hero. He can walk into the lair of lions and tigers and sable antelopes but his heart is filled with terror in facing an audience. [Laughter]

The quartette then sang the stirring song from Donizetti's "Lucia," "Now the Night in Star-lit Splendor," and this concluded one of the happiest celebrations of Founder's Day in the history of the Carnegie Institute.

FLOWERS THAT FLY ON WINGS

A Review of the New Edition of Dr. W. J. Holland's Butterfly Book

It is a great joy to hold in the hand Dr. Holland's *Butterfly Book*, and with a fascinated attention turn its pages glorified as they are with hundreds of these winged flowers shown in their natural colors. The original edition of the book appeared in 1898, and its astonishing appeal to nature lovers is proved by a sale of more than sixty-five thousand copies. The passage of thirty years has naturally brought new facts and new material into this field of work, and Dr. Holland has now given us a revision which comprises a new and fresh statement of the whole subject. The book has thus become a complete manual, popular in form but strictly scientific in method, richly illustrated, and containing a description of every butterfly on the North American Continent, from the polar regions to the Gulf of Mexico, with pictures of nearly all of them.

It has been said that an educated man is one who knows something about everything and everything about something. It does not need this definition to designate Dr. Holland an educated man. He knows everything about so many things that his erudition and the versatility and range of his knowledge may well cause our special wonder. He is one of the world's first authorities in the absorbing story of the life on this earth which comprises itself in the field

of ancient geology, and he has written much on that topic; and he holds a first-hand acquaintance with the world of nature as it exists today. Many a time have we walked through the Carnegie Museum at Dr. Holland's side and marveled to find that his brain was an encyclopedia capable of yielding all the known facts in relation to every object shown there.

Dr. Holland's enthusiasm for butterfly study was stirred within him when he was a boy more than seventy years ago. As he grew to manhood, the charm of this study grew with him, and his gathering of specimens grew also until he found himself in possession of the largest and most perfect collection of butterflies in

North America. Milton says that "a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." That is true of this imperial volume which gives us the pictured presentation of Dr. Holland's life study of this family of nature's most delicate and dainty creations; and the scientist and the amateur alike will greet it as the final record of a mind that is supreme in its knowledge on that subject. The *Butterfly Book* (Doubleday, Doran) is a rare and radiant work which is sure to invoke the gratitude and admiration of naturalists—old and young alike.

S. H. C.



DR. W. J. HOLLAND

PATRONS ART FUND BUYS "BABETTE"

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE has just acquired the painting "Babette" (illustrated on the cover in color) by the American painter, Eugene Speicher, now on view in the present International Exhibition of Paintings. It was purchased through the Patrons Art Fund, generously provided by twenty-one citizens of Pittsburgh, which enables the Institute to secure paintings and other works of art for its permanent collection. Through the Fund, since its establishment in 1922, twenty-eight paintings have thus been added.

The painting has been unanimously praised both by critics and public as one of the most important pictures in the current Exhibition. It was not eligible for a prize because of the fact that the artist was on the Jury of Award.

"Babette" undoubtedly marks a high point in the development of one of America's most distinguished painters. His originality, strength, rhythm, and unique sense of color combine to make this painting a work of the highest order. Before it the academician as well as the modernist can attain an understanding, and this without the artist's yielding or conceding to either. Here is a painter displaying in all fullness his knowledge and technical equipment, plus that personal, intangible quality which makes for a great achievement.

There is a refreshing naturalness about the entire picture. The plain bit of interior, relieved by the greenish hue of the door, the bowl of pansies, and the magazines on the table, suggests the home of wholesome, middle-class people. The peculiar shade of the door is especially suggestive of the early American farmhouse or small village home. The pose of the girl is entirely free and at ease. One feels that she has dropped into the chair in the privacy of the room for a brief period of complete rest and let-down after a strenuous

day. The naked feet, the jacket carelessly thrown back, the far-away expression on her face, the comfortable position assumed so naturally are all indicative of this. Mr. Speicher has consistently eliminated any unnecessary detail or pretense. He has painted Babette just as she is—a healthy, unaffected, naturally attractive girl in a moment of physical relaxation and mental abstraction.

Eugene Speicher was born in Buffalo in 1883. He studied art at the Albright Art School in Buffalo and, later, at the Art Students League in New York City. He was made an associate of the National Academy in 1912 and elected a member in 1927. His still lifes, figures, and landscapes are to be found in the principal American museums. He has won most of the important awards offered for painting in this country. His painting "The Girl with the Green Hat" was awarded Third Prize at the Carnegie International in 1921. In 1923 his painting "The Hunter" was awarded Second Prize, and is now a valued possession in the Pittsburgh Athletic Association.

The members of the Patrons Art Fund whose kind provision has made this purchase possible are: Mrs. Edward Houston Bindley; Paul Block; George W. Crawford; B. G. Follansbee; Mrs. William N. Frew, in memory of William N. Frew; Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Mabel Lindsay Gillespie, in memory of David Lindsay Gillespie; Howard Heinz; Mary L. Jackson, in memory of her brother John Beard Jackson; George Lauder; Albert C. Lehman; Willis F. McCook; Andrew W. Mellon; Richard B. Mellon; William Larimer Mellon; F. F. Nicola; Mrs. John L. Porter; Mrs. Henry R. Rea; William H. Robinson; Ernest T. Weir; Emil Winter; Mrs. Joseph R. Woodwell and Mrs. James D. Hailman, in memory of Joseph R. Woodwell.

THE GARDEN OF GOLD

JASON, look at that lordly peacock! Is there any plumage more magnificent than that peacock's tail?"

"No, Penelope," answered the Gardener, "there is nothing in the whole bird family so glorious as that peacock's tail; but that, you know, is because the peacock's tail has a hundred eyes."

"No! What do you mean?"

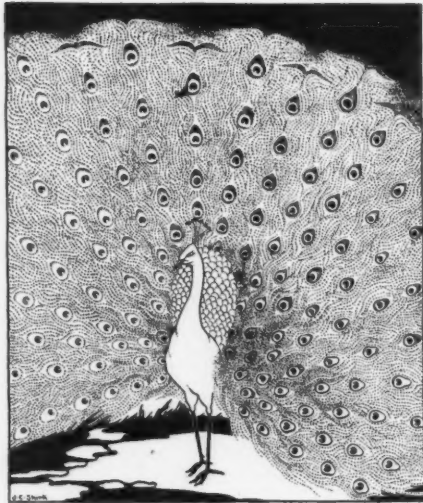
And then, eagerly: "Is there a story?"

Jason laughed. "Yes—a story—and I was there as a witness of it. You must know, Penelope, that Jupiter's wife Juno was a very jealous lady, and when she discovered that her husband, the chief of all the gods, was flirting with a young goddess named Io, she used her divine power to turn Io into a cow."

"Just think of it!" exclaimed Penelope.

"Yes, just think of it!" echoed Jason. "Well, having done that, Juno called Argus, a shepherd boy who had a hundred eyes, and set him to keep watch upon this cow. And so it went for several days, while poor Io, whose spirit was confined within the cow, wept all the time and wondered how she was ever going to be rescued from her extraordinary situation. So one day Orpheus came and played upon his lyre and lulled Argus to sleep, and then he led Io away to Jupiter, who changed her back into her beautiful self."

"But what has that to do with the peacock's tail?"



"Oh, yes. Well Juno came into the meadow the next morning to gloat over the unhappy Io, but found her gone away; and then she was so angry that she took his hundred eyes away from Argus and put them all in the peacock's tail. And there they are to this day."

"But, Jason, did you ever see a white peacock?"

"No, and I never heard of one. Did you, Penelope?"

"Oh, yes, Jason. One time in England I visited Warwick castle—passed over its drawbridge, under its portcullis, through its medieval gate to the castle, and there on the lawn was a flock of white peacocks—the most superb creatures you ever saw, their white tails full of white eyes."

"Penelope, that would be worth going to England to see."

GOLDEN FRUITAGE

Robert Day Parsons, electrical engineer of the charter class of 1908, subscribed \$1,000 in Loyalty Bonds—this being an issue of subscriptions beginning with \$100 which are offered to graduates of the Carnegie Institute of Technology for the purpose of building up the 1946 endowment fund. These Loyalty Bonds bring back no repayment except life membership in the Alumni Association and the satisfaction of assisting in a great enterprise.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Mr. Parsons was the superintendent of the Columbia Cement division of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company at Zanesville, Ohio, and in the discharge of his duties he lost his life in a most distressing accident. On November 5, 1930, a group of officials of the Glass Company and of the Sunday Creek Coal Company were inspecting a mine in Millfield, Ohio. When the party had penetrated about a mile within the mine, there occurred the most fatal mine disaster in the history of Ohio. An explosion took the lives of the entire group.

We are pleased to print this appealing photograph of Mr. Parsons and his



ROBERT DAY PARSONS

ROBERT DAY

HUGH GALT

two sturdy boys who are going to follow in the footsteps of their father in his achievement of success and honor. He was the first alumnus to subscribe so large a sum as \$1,000 to Tech's endowment. In 1946 the Bond will grow by virtue of compound interest and the two-for-one arrangement with the Carnegie Corporation of New York to \$6,292.80.

We have great pleasure in acknowledging a further gift of \$10,000 to the Carnegie Institute from a friend who asks that his name for the present be withheld; the gift, of course, yielding the usual income while the principal sum will be doubled in 1936 by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, making it \$20,000, in addition to its interest.

The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE was inaugurated a little more than four years ago with a double mission—first, to spread an understanding among all the people as to the scope and purpose of the Carnegie Institute; and then to make the way open to all generous friends to aid the Institute with pictures, collections, and money. The Magazine has been greatly encouraged by its success in this undertaking. Pictures and collections have come to enrich the walls of the galleries and the halls of the Museum; and money, never personally solicited, has come freely in each month, without exception until, at the end of four years, we were able to report a total of all contributions to the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology amounting to \$824,205.85. Since the beginning of the Magazine's fifth year we have reported new gifts in the Garden of Gold of \$60,868.53. This statement does not take account of the swelling of these sums at compound interest, giving them a much larger value when the settlements are made, dollar for dollar in 1936 for the Institute, and in 1946 two dollars for each dollar raised by the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

With the appearance of this issue of the Magazine the amount now reported stands at \$896,075.38.

It will be more important, one of these days, to educate men and women to use their leisure time than it will be to educate them for an occupation.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

However agreeable to its possessor, the superiority complex makes an exasperating neighbor.

—DEAN INGE

A DAY IN THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY

BY RALPH MUNN, *Director of the Carnegie Library*

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY and its branches are so busy giving service that usually they cannot take time to record in detail the amount of service given. On one day, however—Mon-

day, October 26—records were kept which show the use of the library and the amount of work performed. These figures may be interpreted as a typical day in the Carnegie Libraries:

	CENTRAL	BRANCHES	TOTAL
Number of people who entered buildings	3,263	11,623	14,886
Incoming telephone calls	320	212	532
Pieces of mail received	805	386	1,191
Books returned	3,332	11,279	14,611
Books borrowed	5,935	11,792	17,727
Books used in Central Reference Rooms	1,734	1,734
People assisted in choosing books	831	2,292	3,123
Reference questions requiring search	404	825	1,229

With all of this activity in the lending and study rooms there were many busy workers behind the scenes. The Order Department was pricing books, placing orders, and checking bills. In the Catalogue Department librarians and typists were classifying books, and preparing cards for the catalogues. The Bindery was repairing the wear and tear to which library books are subjected. Such is a day in the Carnegie libraries.

More interesting than these figures

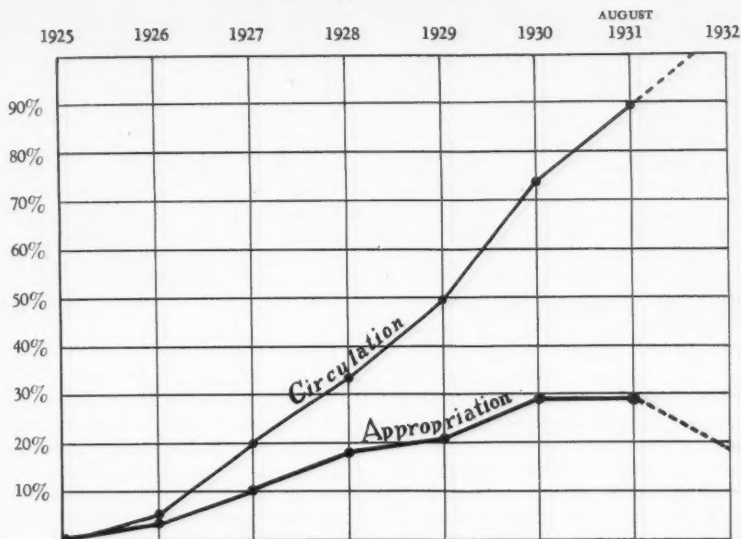
would be an analysis of the kinds of people who used the Library and the needs which brought them.

The largest number would no doubt be school children, who came for books to aid them in their assignments and for supplementary reading. This Library was one of the pioneers in developing library work with children and takes great pride in the service which is offered through its own agencies and through the public schools.



CARNEGIE LIBRARY BUSINESS BRANCH—UNION TRUST BUILDING

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE



COMPARISON OF INCREASED LIBRARY CIRCULATION WITH LIBRARY APPROPRIATION

There were no children, however, in the Business Branch, which is housed among brokerage and investment offices in the Union Trust Building. Business and finance were the only interests of its readers, and three reference librarians were kept busy satisfying demands for facts and figures.

The Technology Department receives no children and lends no books, but five reference librarians were kept busy throughout the day finding the material called for by engineers, chemists, and other technical workers.

The variety of interests which bring Pittsburghers to the Reference Room is shown by some of the questions received. What are the costs per pupil in the public-school systems of the ten largest cities of the United States? Was Molnár a great dramatist, and why? What is the latest estimate of the number of unemployed in the United States? Facts about Boulder Dam, whether conversation has become a lost art, and the classification of the sciences were other subjects presented to the reference librarians.

The use of the Library has increased steadily year after year, but there has been an abnormal growth since the beginning of the business depression. Just since January, 1930, the growth in circulation has been nearly thirty per cent, and the use of the reading rooms has increased proportionately.

With more leisure time and with less money for amusements, unemployed Pittsburghers have come to the Library in greater numbers than ever before. Many come to study for positions which they hope to secure when better times return to the business world. Some come to read the good books which they have always meant to read, while others come simply to pass the time and to forget their troubles in enjoyable reading. Impartial observers say that with the exception of those agencies giving actual relief the public libraries of the United States are perhaps our most important public institutions during times of business depression.

With abnormally heavy demands being made upon our public libraries

it follows logically that their funds should be increased, or at least maintained at existing levels. Due, however, to the desire for lower tax levies many public libraries are facing reduced incomes and the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh has now joined this list. A reduction of \$46,000 in its city appropriation for 1932 has already been decreed by the City Council. The

Library realizes fully that tax levies are really burdensome in these times when incomes of all kinds are reduced. It has no doubt that the City Council is accurately reflecting the wishes of most citizens in its reduction of budgets. The Library only regrets that its usefulness to the community is to be curtailed at the very time when it could be of the greatest service.

THE BATTLE OF THE ART CRITICS

PITTSBURGHERS have read with lively attention the reviews of the current Carnegie International Exhibition of Paintings as presented by the art critics of the local press. Their comment has been most generous; their divergent criticisms interesting and provocative.

But what of the criticisms of the pilgrims who come to Pittsburgh from the great world outside? For the benefit of our friends who have not had the opportunity to read the many pages of description devoted to the International by the leading journals of the country, we reprint here a few excerpts.

The pleasure of reading these sincere and authoritative judgments will be enhanced by the wide differences of opinion which they set forth—differences which, we hasten to add, are echoed in our own community.

The Thirtieth Carnegie International promises to prove itself about as vital a show as any International which has gone before. On every wall of every gallery there are paintings worth traveling to Pittsburgh to see. . . . To be perfectly frank, the prize winners as a whole lie on a lower level than any group of prize winners I have known.

—GRACE V. KELLY,
Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Carnegie International performs an important, unique, and distinctly commendable service. Wide in perspec-

tive and apparently fair in vision, the great Pittsburgh annual keeps our artists informed on events across the water, and affords the public in general a well-rounded acquaintance with the contemporary expressions of foreign peoples which, to many, would otherwise be denied.

Mr. Watkins' curiously conceived "Suicide in Costume" deserved the prize, not alone because it came as an astonishingly finished composition from the hand of an unknown, but because it is truly a forceful work. . . . The story is related simply and straightforwardly. A dramatic incident, but not overplayed. . . . Mr. Watkins has known where to stop, and his painting stays in the memory of the spectator as pungently as though it were impressed there by an unhappy actuality. . . . Art need not please incessantly; there are sterner chords at the other end of its keyboard, balancing the lighter, joyous notes. Mr. Watkins but brings them within the compass of composition.

—A. F. COCHRANE, Boston Transcript

Great artists of all ages have always painted violent death, and they have made impressive works of art. . . . But in "Suicide in Costume" I object to it with all my heart. It has no good coloring, no good modeling, and no style whatsoever. It is a stunt picture and the ugliest thing I ever saw.

—ROYAL CORTISZOZ, Herald Tribune



WEDDING FEAST AT CANA BY FERDINAND KITT (Austrian)

For the last seven years the effort has been to make the International a representative cross section of contemporary European and American painting. It became the battle ground for that age-old controversy between liberalism and conservatism. . . . But a new issue is at stake. One that is world-wide, but which is well illustrated in the Carnegie symposium. It is the question of quality and the casting aside of timidity. . . . the fear of not being liberal has produced a critical blindness that has been just as detrimental to distinguishing quality as old fogysm was in the past.

Anything that assumes the modern formula is admitted. Apparently, when it comes to judging modern pictures, the standards whereby quality has been determined in the past ceases to apply. This is true of almost all modern exhibitions. The Carnegie show is merely the outstanding example of this world-wide confusion. . . . None of these remarks is to be interpreted as meaning that the Thirtieth International is not a representative and interesting Exhibition, with certain important new angles of interest, notably the growing importance of the art of the countries hitherto regarded as making minor contributions to the contemporary story.

. . . . Never has there been so curious a miscarriage of critical judgment as the present selection exhibits. It almost seems as if the Jury of Award had gone into a huddle in order to give the public the greatest shock imagin-

ble. The awards also seems to prove that the Jury leaned over backwards in order to prove how liberal they were—to the detriment of quality, needless to say. . . . The First Prize has imagination and a certain amount of macabre horror. It is not reminiscent of any of the prevailing fashions in painting. To this extent the Jury tried to find quality.

—HELEN A. READ, Brooklyn Eagle

A prize at Pittsburgh is a prize indeed. . . . By its comprehensive assembling of the best work of contemporary art in both Europe and America and in the disinterested way it handles its awards, Pittsburgh takes the entire country to task by setting such high standards. . . . If Pittsburgh succeeds in capturing the limelight but once each year, it holds its Exhibition honors without fear of rivalry until the succeeding International comes along.

—EDITORIAL, Art News

There has seemed to exist a curious harmony, far removed from monotony, among the several parts of this unique body of paintings. This probably is because the selection of the groups has depended so largely upon the decisions of one man, giving the result a composite individuality more original and refreshing to the experienced gallery visitor than even the individuality of single works. . . .

Intelligence, of course, has been

needed, but also a good deal of courage to keep at the heel of the time-spirit and capture both its forward and its backward glance. The way, however, has been worked not to a compromise, but to a reconciliation of its reactionary with its pioneer mood, and it is now a good many years since a Pittsburgh International has failed to show each so clearly that none but one uninterested or inexperienced could miss either. . . .

The popularity of the International has been swelling visibly for the past ten years, and now has reached a point at which an institution more covetous of publicity would be putting up posters with figures of attendance two feet high. . . . Nor is the inclusive nature of the Exhibition compromised to gain the general public. Naturally, it includes in the slice of art cut from contemporary performance a number of abstractions and nonrepresentative pictures that would please not the million.

There are many who find the Picasso, in its cleanliness and fairness and unlikeness to what it says it is, a provocative delight. . . .

One must understand then that a Carnegie International cannot please any one of us in all its parts. Its chief beauty, and perhaps the root of its aristocratic tranquillity, is that it does not try. It concerns itself not with pleasing but with showing. . . . That some of us must go so far makes a difficulty but so long as the Carnegie International maintains its present poise and carries on its tradition, we shall go to Pittsburgh.

—ELISABETH L. CAREY, N.Y. Times

Homer Saint-Gaudens has assembled for the Thirtieth International a highly interesting, in many respects a brilliantly successful, representation. . . .

It is a service of really inestimable value that the Carnegie Institute performs each year: a service to art and also, to international friendship. . . . As a whole . . . the affair is unusually satisfying. . . . On the qualitative side few if any of the Exhibitions in the

series can have been better. . . . Flaws may of course be picked. The German section might have been more extensive. . . . Nor are the Russian, Belgian, and Hungarian sections stimulating in proportion to the supply available at the source. Elsewhere the current moves with a rhythm both broad and deep.

—EDWARD A. JEWELL, N. Y. Times

Never has an international exhibition revealed such marked difference in the viewpoints of Europe and America; viewpoints now honestly accepted by the New World and capitalized as something of its own. Here, then, is the first stirring of a national art pride.

—DOROTHY GRAFELY,
Philadelphia Public Ledger

One journey to Pittsburgh each autumn to participate in a comprehensive survey of modern painting, confident that a sharp and illuminating glimpse of high art in the shaping will be vouchsafed. . . . Pittsburgh continues to be the mecca each October of all connoisseurs of modern painting; and I can assure them that they will see perhaps the finest collection yet. . . .

Picasso's superb composition, "The Window," is easily the outstanding picture of the whole show. . . . It is no open secret that to the average Pittsburgher this handsome invention . . . is just another sample of esthetic humbug. But Picasso has had the fortitude to define the issue of the new art with all the courage of the crusader. . . .

—RALPH FLINT, Art News

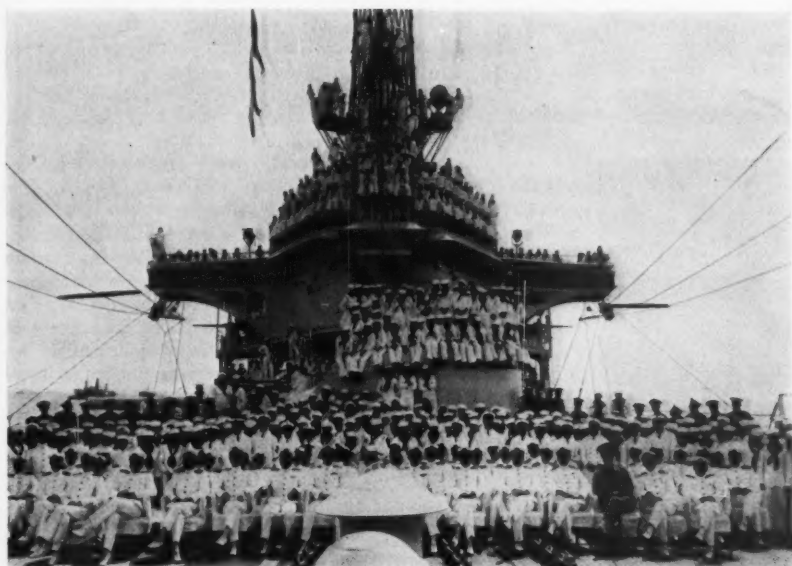
Picasso, who has passed through as many successive stages as a skyscraper elevator does floors, is also represented by one of those discarded and meaningless affairs of his flat abstraction period that has aptly been described elsewhere as "the silliest of all" of the series.

—A. F. COCHRANE, Boston Transcript

Picasso's "The Window" is an impertinence.

—ROYAL CORTISOZ, Herald Tribune

THE BELL OF THE "PITTSBURGH"



WHEN the limitation of armaments made necessary the scrapping of the United States cruiser "Pittsburgh," our senatorial and congressional representatives at Washington united in a request upon the Navy Department to have the ship's bell presented to the Carnegie Institute for permanent custody in the Museum, and on October 28 a great meeting was held in Carnegie Music Hall, attended by soldiers and sailors and many citizens. Speeches were made and songs were sung, and the noble bell was rung with a loud alarum—perhaps for the last time.

George W. Dawson was master of ceremonies, and brief addresses were made by Senator James J. Davis, Congressman Edmund F. Erk, Lieutenant Raymond Lawson, Nathaniel Spear Jr., and I. A. Melnick.

Then Captain Halsey Powell, the last commander of the "Pittsburgh," gave a short history of the ship, and form-

ally presented the bell, which was accepted by the president of the Carnegie Institute, who said, in part: "This bell has a soul, or you would not be here to celebrate it, and it is the symbol of a civilization which, while protecting itself by its armored strength, can at the same time be made enduring only by its spiritual power. Director Avinoff has prepared a place for it beside the cannon which have come to us from Washington's army. We shall be proud to have the bell viewed by our friends who come to the Institute in a constant attendance which ranges from 5,000 to 15,000 and even 18,000 a day. Among these visitors there are daily groups of perhaps 500 to 1,000 children from the public and parochial schools of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County; and the bell will serve as a constant object lesson in patriotism to these enthusiastic children who are to carry the banner of American civilization in the future."

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of Elizabeth Moorhead Vermorcken's "Answer before Dark" Given in the Tech Little Theater

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art at the Carnegie Institute of Technology



THE season at the Little Theater opened this year with Elizabeth Moorhead Vermorcken's "Answer before Dark."

This piece, which had already had three private performances last May,

has been adapted by the author from her novel of the same name. In the interval between the two productions, Mrs. Vermorcken has rewritten several scenes. The play in the form in which we have it now is more concise, closely-knit, and theatrical, in the good sense of the word, than the piece which some of us saw last spring.

The dangers that beset the dramatist in adapting a novel are great. A work must be conceived in the one form or in the other. If it is planned as a novel, all that the author can do in adapting it for the stage is to lift certain outstanding scenes from the novel, and contrive what the moving pictures allude to as continuity in order to link these scenes, more or less probably, together. Mrs. Vermorcken has done this very adroitly, although I think the more leisurely manner of the novel is better suited to her talent.

The action of "Answer before Dark" takes place, with the exception of one scene at the Golf Club, in the living room of the Braeburn's house. This unity of place which the author has imposed upon herself—or perhaps, has had imposed upon her—excludes several

of the best scenes of the novel. For instance, the curious episode of the distraught Lydia's visit to the clairvoyant and the scene which takes place in Jay Liggett's studio find no place in the dramatic version. The striking scene of Lydia's meeting with Paul Vanière, on a dismal day with the rain driving against the windows, is replaced by an entirely new scene of meeting. Then, too, the atmosphere must suffer. Tom Braeburn's dour old Scotch mother who forms a sort of explanatory background in the novel, is not even alluded to in the play. Mere scenery and furniture cannot give the impression of the smoothly running comfort of the Braeburn household which was so pleasantly indicated in the original. I feel sure that the temperamental French maid would very swiftly find herself in the nearest employment bureau; and I cannot see the fastidious Lydia, and still less the bluff Tom Braeburn, living cozily with a butler who brings in the evening paper as if it were the head of John the Baptist. Of course, butlers on the stage, even such famous butlers as the Admirable Crichton, are always mysterious beings, or at least they act so. The few butlers I have had the privilege of knowing always seemed to me pleasant and unobtrusive humans, not in the least like the Olympian creatures who have stalked through the drama for the last seventy-five years.

But, after all, the play should be considered as a play without any reference to the book from which it was taken, and as such it is an excellent evening's entertainment. The story runs easily through its three acts, and

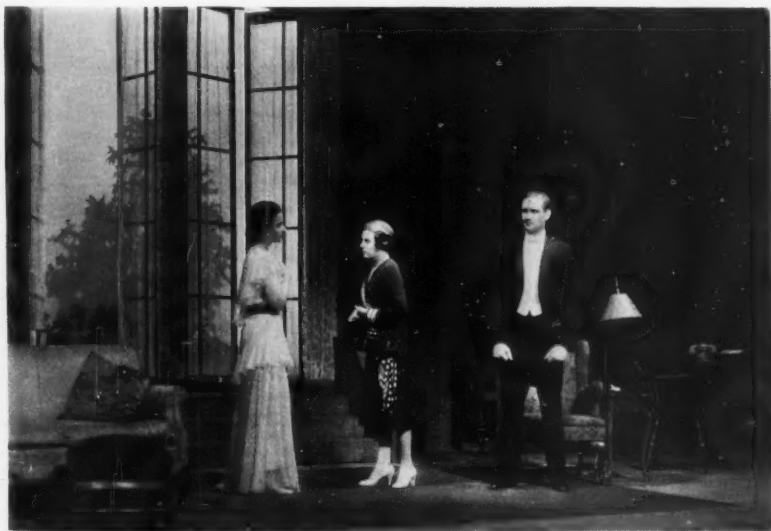
the audience follows with sympathetic interest the fortunes of Lydia and her daughter; it chuckles obediently at the Gwyer pair and the maid Berthe and during the last act not a few spectators indulge in a "good cry." And all this must be very gratifying to a dramatic author. The characterization is on broader lines. We get no hint of the inconsistent, comfort-loving, rather selfish and superstitious, but withal charming Lydia of the book. The freakish Jay becomes a not-too-convincing sketch. The comic relief is sometimes a little obvious, although it was much relished by the audience. In one instance Mrs. Vermorcken has seen fit to depart entirely from the novel. This is in the meeting, already alluded to, between Paul and Lydia which now becomes a love scene, and seems to me false and out of character. Paul's interest, after eighteen years' absence, is entirely in his newly found daughter, and it is difficult to believe in a revival of his passion for Lydia, or hers for him.

"Answer before Dark" was under the

expert direction of Mr. Hickman, and as usual we had a smooth and brisk performance. Just a little too brisk. The actors, especially in the opening act, shoot their speeches at each other with the rapidity and precision—and, I must admit with the distinctness—of machine guns. In order to get away from the languor and uncertainty that so often marks the performance of comparatively inexperienced actors, Mr. Hickman has unduly hastened the tempo.

The acting, on the whole, was satisfactory, especially on the part of the women; but then the women's parts are much better written than those of the men. There have been several changes in the cast since the earlier performances. The original William Metcalf now plays Paul Vanière, and gives a good sober performance. The settings are adequate but slightly depressing.

"Answer before Dark" is Mrs. Vermorcken's first full-length play. The appreciation of her audiences should encourage her to give it a successor.



SCENE FROM "ANSWER BEFORE DARK"—STUDENT PLAYERS

"ORPSIE BOY"

THE death of Sir William Orpen, at the—today—youthful age of fifty-three years, has robbed the world of one of the greatest portrait painters of all time. Pittsburgh has the good fortune to possess a rather large group of Orpen's pictures, which reveal his art in its infinite variety and sureness of



ME AND VENUS
By SIR WILLIAM ORPEN
Awarded First Prize in 1910

control. The Carnegie Institute owns his "Me and Venus," winner of the First Prize in the Carnegie International of 1910, and the portrait of Samuel Harden Church. There is also a brilliant series held in private families which includes Andrew W. Mellon, Arthur Vining Davis, J. Denniston Lyon, Richard B. Mellon, and George W. Crawford, who was the last subject of the painter's brush. Another citizen of Pittsburgh arrived in London in June to keep a cabled engagement with Orpen, only to find that the master was then in the hospital in his last illness. It was Sir William's habit while painting to rebuke himself whimsically as "Orpsie Boy," and by that affectionate title many of his friends will remember him.

SURPLUS WEALTH

In making a will, money left to the Carnegie Institute should be covered by the following phrase:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE in the City
of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

.....Dollars

And bequests to the Carnegie Institute of Technology should be phrased like this:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF
TECHNOLOGY OF PITTS-
BURGH, PENNSYLVANIA*

.....Dollars

The Carnegie Institute stands in immediate need of a further addition of \$2,000,000 to its endowment funds—that is, \$1,000,000 for the Fine Arts Department and \$1,000,000 for the Museum.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology stands equally in need of large additions to its endowment funds, and is slowly—but very steadily—building up the \$4,000,000 which it must raise in order to secure \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Let's make our wills accordingly.

RIGHT USE OF LEISURE

It is said that the use which we make of our leisure will largely determine the future of our civilization. The public library presents one avenue for the wholesome and profitable use of leisure, whether in good times or bad.

—RALPH MUNN

COME ON, YOUNG MEN!

The right hand of fellowship is ever much readier to be extended to the truly deserving than is believed, and the exceptionally earnest, faithful, and competent young man has within himself magnetic power which attracts friends anxious to aid.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE



MR. HEARST'S ECONOMIC HERESY

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is urging with all the persistence of his energetic mind and with all the carrying power of his influential newspapers that Congress shall appropriate \$5,000,000,000 to furnish work for the unemployed. He calls it a "prosperity loan." The public improvements advocated by him are not at this time needed, and he would therefore anticipate the nation's necessity for new facilities by perhaps five years. But where is this vast sum of money to come from? It can come from no other source than the people, and the people are now taxed to the point of confiscation of their goods and properties. The whole world is struggling with a burden of debt, and better times cannot come until these debts are liquidated.

We have just read a statement showing that the American people are taxed forty per cent of their income. It is an astounding figure, but a careful analysis indicates that it is true. Direct taxes from city, county, state, and nation come first in these statistics; and then the indirect taxes which grow out of the overhead of every institution in the country unite in our expenditures for railroad travel, department stores, food, rent, clothing, amusements—for these commodities all have their own taxes repeated and multiplied, although they are hidden from sight. And they all go back to one source—extravagance in public expenditures. To follow Mr.

Hearst in his bizarre scheme would bring a new disaster upon the country, throw the nation into bankruptcy, and break the back of a people already impoverished by wasteful exactions from their depleted purses.

RIVALRY ON MOUNT PARNASSUS

It is always a pleasant pastime to cross swords with real thinkers on literary problems, and Will Durant is an author worthy of the most expert steel. He has now printed a list of the ten greatest poets. Any list of the ten greatest anythings will inevitably arouse antagonism from those who would substitute other names. Here are his favorites: Homer, David, Euripides, Lucretius, Li-Po, Dante, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, and Whitman.

And now let us quarrel. Homer we accept. David we cannot reject. Euripides we set aside for Sophocles, a much more profound, picturesque, and dramatic composer. Lucretius won a more lasting fame as a philosopher than as a poet, having developed the atomic theory which is even now under the study of our American scientists at Pasadena; therefore we would very quickly substitute Horace, whose odes are unsurpassed for purity of form and elegance of diction. Li-Po sang a hundred airy songs about wine and women in China a thousand years ago, but his material is light and ephemeral, and we sweep him out for John Milton, who, next to the Bard of Avon, has

written the most stately poetry in our language. Shakespeare of course we retain as the greatest writer of emotional and dramatic poetry ever produced in any age of the world. Keats, Shelley, and Whitman, all three together, we reject with a careless sweep of the hand as out of place in such a comparison, and we would put in their stead Byron, Scott, and Tennyson—Tennyson coming, in our judgment, after Shakespeare and Milton among the poets of England.

And now that we have cut Mr. Durant's list rather mercilessly, we hear a number of poets knocking at the door and demanding admission into the elect circle—among them Virgil and Tasso in Italy, Racine in France, Goethe, Schiller, and Heine in Germany—we could identify several others in the crowd as we gaze upon them Through the Editor's Window. But we refrain from further effort except to suggest that any list of the ten best poets must be unsatisfactory because it would necessarily exclude the eleventh and the twelfth poets, who would have as much right to public recognition as those who are thus arbitrarily chosen.

WAR GUILT

PRINCE BÜLOW's memoirs are now appearing and they present the final proof of Germany's guilt in provoking and inaugurating the World War. Von Bülow admits that Germany and Austria were in constant and close communication in everything that preceded the outbreak of hostilities, and that he was in possession of a copy of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia eighteen hours before that fatal document was delivered to Serbia. Sir Edward Grey, in pressing an urgent appeal for conciliation, pleaded for a conference among the ambassadors of the great powers, but the German Government treated this plea with contempt and used its strength to make the war inevitable. And when the horror began, it was Germany who began it.

A LETTER FROM THE WINDOW

DEAR ROBERT GARLAND:

Thank you for sending me the newspaper with your letter lamenting the failure of our age to produce a great poet capable, like Tennyson, of singing the deeds of our illustrious sons.

I have myself often felt a deep regret on this absence of great poetry. Can the fault lie in our system of education? I am afraid it is so. We turn out master minds, but confine them to the operation of the machine, entirely neglecting the higher development of the imagination. The ages which produced the poets from Chaucer and Shakespeare to Tennyson were the ages which charmed men with classic literature and fed their immortal souls with the fruit of the spirit. But with our schools universally ignoring this rich heritage of the past, we seem to be becoming a nation of dried sticks. And there is not anywhere in the world today a great poet who can meet Ruskin's definition that "Poetry is the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions."

Perhaps the time is coming when we shall swing back to fairy stories, and hero worship, and the love of history, good music, and a great theater; and when that situation is reborn, the spirit of real poetry will return and a new race of minstrels will smite their harps with the kindling glory of ancient song.

LOANS TO VETERANS

THE latest reports show that over two million American soldiers in the World War have applied for loans under their adjusted certificates, and that these advances of money amount to nearly two billion dollars. It is a good argument against war that every army that has come home from the time of Julius Caesar down to our day has raided its country's treasury for one form or another of pensions. In our country the raid is not only on the national treasury, but the separate

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States are being forced into line as fast as their legislatures can be coerced into voting for these payments for defending the flag. Let us have no more wars.

FREE LECTURES

FINE ARTS

NOVEMBER

- 23—"Art and the Layman," by Murdock Pemberton, art critic of the New Yorker, 8:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall.

MUSEUM

NOVEMBER

- 22—"A Collector's Experience in Madagascar," by Richard Archbold, member of Madagascar expedition of the American Museum of Natural History. 2:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall.
26—"East of Suez," by Harry C. Ostrander, Far East traveler. 8:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall.
29—"The Human Side of the Byrd Expedition," by Charles E. Lofgren, personnel officer of the Expedition. 2:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall.

DECEMBER

- 6—"By Way of Cape Horn," by Alan J. Villiers, who traveled from Australia to Ireland by sail. 2:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall.
13—"Red Majesty—Indians of Brazil," by Harold Noice, arctic and tropical explorer. 2:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall.
17—"The Cities of the Old Mayan Empire," by Sylvanus G. Morley, leader of the Mayan excavations in Yucatan.

[All lectures are illustrated.]

SATURDAY AFTERNOON JUVENILE PROGRAMS

NOVEMBER 1 TO APRIL 1

Specially selected motion pictures for children on nature, science, and travel. 2:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall.

RADIO TALKS

[Broadcast over WCAE on Monday evenings at 7:15 under the auspices of the Educational Section of the Carnegie Museum. The programs are part of a new series, "We Learn to Live," given by the science staffs of the University of Pittsburgh, the City Health Department, and the Museum.]

NOVEMBER

- 23—"Scarlet Fever," by Dr. Joseph A. Baird, superintendent of the Municipal Hospital.
30—"Whooping Cough," by Dr. Baird.

DECEMBER

- 7—"Diphtheria," by Dr. H. J. Benz, superintendent of the Bureau of Child Welfare.
14—"Smallpox," by Dr. C. B. Maits, director of Public Health.

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